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How I First Became Acquainted With My Wife.

Nearly a dozen years ago I was on my return to the old homestead, in the good State of Connecticut, having just completed my studies as a student of medicine. In company of a goodly number of people, I stopped for the night at a country inn, in the town of B—, not being able to resume my journey until a late hour the next day. Having been always an admirer of the country, I was not at all dissatisfied with the arrangement, and my pleasure was further enhanced by finding at the well-laid supper table two ladies of surpassing beauty and loveliness—the younger of the two I thought the most bewitching little creature in existence.

The young ladies were accompanied by a young gentleman about my age, with whom I could not but feel exceedingly annoyed. He not only engrossed all their attention, but, lucky dog that he was, seemed determined that no other person should participate in the amusement. An offer of some little delicacy by myself to the two ladies was met by an icy sort of politeness on his part, that effectually chilled any further attempts at intimacy. I soon left the table, but did not drive the image of the lovely one I had just left from my mind. Something whispered me that we would become intimately acquainted, be an excepted lover, and had I possessed all the wealth of Croesus, I would unhesitatingly poured it into her lap.

In the excitement under which I was then laboring, I thought a walk would do me some good, but on opening the door for that purpose I found the night as dark as Erebus, and being an entire stranger, there was no knowing what mischief I might encounter, so I made up my mind to compromise the matter by going to bed.

After the lapse of some time, during which I had fallen into a doze or half sleep, I fancied I heard for a few moments a sort of light bustling going on near my bed, but it gave me no uneasiness until suddenly some one sprang into my bed, and clasping their arms about me, whispered:

"Ugh! how dreadful cold it is, to be sure! I say, Julia, we shall have to lie spoon fashion, or else we will freeze."

Here was an incident. A woman had come to bed to me! What to say or how to act was a question not very easily answered. At last I mustered courage to ejaculate:

"Dear madam, here is some mistake, but I'll—"

The lady did not wait for me to say more, but with a sharp quick scream she sprang from the bed and bolted the apartment. I was wondering what it could mean, when a servant brought a lamp into the room, picked up the lady's apparel she could find, and left the apartment. You can well believe that my slumbers during the remainder of the night were far from being quiet.

In the morning I knew not how it was, but I was vividly impressed with the idea that my nocturnal visitor was one of the two ladies who had supped with me the evening previous, but which, I could not conjecture. I resolved however, to ascertain on the most favorable opportunity which might present itself, and satisfy myself beyond a doubt.

On taking my seat at the breakfast table next morning, I placed myself opposite the ladies, and was revolving in my mind the incidents of the previous evening, when the younger of the two passed her plate and requested me to favor her with the preserves near me.

"Certainly ma'am," said I, and as she thought sprang to my mind that she might be the lady in question, I added, "will you take them spoon fashion?"

lady's face instantly assumed the hue of a crimson dahlia, while her companion seemed as cool and passionless as I could desire. I was satisfied she had kept her own council, scraped an acquaintance—fell in love, and when I reached home I had the pleasure of presenting to the old folks my pleasing and most estimable lady, the present Mrs. Madox.

The Fate of Great Men.

In a world where the fortunes of the great and the good have been pain, poverty, exile, persecution, crucifixion, burning alive, shall we think it strange, that efforts to do good are often ill-received and that the heavenly kingdom is slow in its coming? For the poet's lines embody an awful truth:

Truth forever on the scaffold:
Wrong forever on the throne.

Homer was a blind singer; Socrates was made to drink the hemlock; Miltiades died in prison; Aristides was banished; Themistocles died in exile; Cicero and Julius Caesar were killed; Brutus fell on his sword; and Seneca was compelled to open his own veins in the bath. And of the Bible men, Abel was killed; Joseph sold into captivity; Josiah shot by the Archers; Jeremiah cast into a miry dungeon; Daniel thrown into the lion's den; and others had the trial of cruel mockings and scourings, "of whom the world was not worthy." Jesus Christ, the Lord of Glory, was crucified; Stephen was stoned; John the Baptist beheaded; James killed by the sword; and Paul and Peter died on the cross. The goodly fellowship of the prophets and a glorious company of the apostles all formed a part of the noble army of martyrs.

Justin was put to death, Chryostom exiled, Arius persecuted, and Origen martyred and tortured, Servetus was burned alive with green boughs; John Huss, Jerome of Prague, Latimer, Ridley, Cranmer and Roberts died at the stake. William Wallace was quartered, Galileo tortured; Savonarola martyred; Joan of Arc burned alive; and Raleigh, Russell and Sydney beheaded; Milton was blind, and Savage starved to death; Toussaint L'Ouverture died in a dungeon, and Napoleon who put him in prison, died as an exile on the barren rock of St. Helena. Zwingle was killed in battle, Barneveldt, was beheaded, and Dr. Priestly mobbed and driven into exile, Kossuth, Mazzini, and Victor Hugo are to-day in banishment. Even in America, Lovejoy has been shot, Garrison led to prison with a rope around his neck, and Sumner half assassinated. In a world like this, what dost thou expect, O my soul? Dost thou covet ease, safety and glory? No; if thou art true to thy highest and noblest convictions, thou wilt not be alarmed if thou meet with rebuffs, pains, persecutions, and even death. But thou wilt remember that there is another life after this life, and the Holy One has said: "Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

"Well, Pat, which is the way to Bedford?"

"How did you know my name was Pat?"

"I guessed it."

"Thin, be the holy poker, if ye're so good at guessin' ye'd better guess the way to Bedford."

"Ma," said a little girl to her mother, "do the men want to get married as much as the women do?" "Pahaw, child, what are you talking about?" "Why, ma, the women who come here are always talking about getting married—the men don't do so."

HAVE YOU GOT A SISTER?—Then love and cherish her with a holy affection.—Exchange.

If you haven't got any sister of your own, take some other feller's, and love her. The effect is just as good—sometimes better.—N. O. Times.

A gentleman who has a very strong desire to be a funny young man, sat down upon a hooped skirt the other day. With a desperation equal to any emergency, he whistled, "I'm sitting on a 'style,' Mary."

A little boy hearing his father say, "there is a time for all things," climbed up behind his mother's chair and, whispering in his ear, asked, "When was the proper time for knocking sugar out of the sugar-bowl?"

Arnold the Traitor.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived at Havre, hot foot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French revolution. Pursued by the bloodhounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property or power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was going a beggar and a wanderer to a strange land to earn his daily bread by labor.

"Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of his hotel—"I am bound to cross the water, and would like to have a letter to some person of influence in the new world."

The landlord hesitated a moment and then replied:

"There is a person up stairs either from America or Britain, but whether an American or an Englishman, I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who in his life was Bishop, Prince and Prime Minister—ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant, he stood before the stranger's door, and knocked and entered.

In the far corner of a dimly lighted room, sat a gentleman of some fifty years, his arms folded and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite, a flood of light poured over his forehead. His eyes looking from beneath the downcast brows, gazing in Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching impression. His face was striking in its outline; the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will.

His form, vigorous even with the snows of fifty winters, was clad in a dark, but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—stated he was a fugitive, and under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, he solicited his kind, feeling offices.

He poured forth his history in eloquent French and broken English:

"I am a wanderer—an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without friend or hope. You are an American? Give me then, I beseech you a letter of yours, so that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner—the scenes of Paris have filled me with such horror, that a life of labor would be a Paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to one of your friends.—A gentleman like you has doubtless many friends."

The stranger gentleman rose—with a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the next chamber, his head slumped down, his eyes looking from beneath his darkened brow. He spoke as he retreated backward; his voice was full of meaning:

"I am the only man born in the New World who can raise his hand to God and say—I have not one friend—not one—in all America!"

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of that look which accompanied these words.

"Who are you?" he cried, as the stranger man retreated towards the next room. "Your name?"

"My name,—with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression—My name is Benedict Arnold."

He was going. Talleyrand sank into the chair, gasping these words—

"Arnold, the Traitor!"

Thus you see he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with a murderer's mark upon his brow. Even in the secluded room at that Inn at Havre, his crime found him out, and forced him to tell his name—that name the synonym of infamy.

The last twenty years of his life are covered with a cloud, from whose darkness but a few gleams of light flash out upon the page of history.

The manner of his death is not distinctly known. But we cannot doubt that he died utterly friendless—that his cold brow was not moistened with one farewell tear—that remorse pursued him to the grave whispering John Andre! and in his ears, and that the memory of his course of glory gnawed like a canker at his heart, murmuring forever, "True to your country, what might you have been, O Arnold, the traitor!"

Who shall depict the closing scene of this wild drama? With a trembling hand and hushed breath we drop the curtain and turn away from the death bed of Benedict Arnold.

"It is a solemn thing to get married," said Aunt Betty. "Yes, but a good deal sadder not to be," replied her daughter, who was just turning forty.

A Fast Story.

An Englishman was bragging of the speed on English railroads to a Yankee traveller seated at his side in one of the cars of a "fast train," in England. The engine bell was rung as the train neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity of "taking down his companion a peg or two."

"What's that noise?" innocently inquired the Yankee.

"We are approaching a town," said the Englishman. "They have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful, isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet?"

"Why, yes," replied the Yankee, "we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroads. We run so tarna! fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound. No use whatever; the sound never reaches the village till after the train gets by."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Fact," said the Yankee, "had to give up bells. Then we tried the steam-whistle, but they wouldn't answer either. I was on a locomotive when the whistle was tried. We were going at a tremendous rate—harricanees were nowher—and I had to hold my hair on. We saw a two-horse wagon crossing the track, about five miles ahead, and the engineer let the whistle 'on, screaming like a trooper. It screamed awfully, but it wasn't no use. The next thing I knew, I was picking myself out of a pond by the road-side, amid the fragments of the locomotive, dead horses, broken wagon, dead engineer, lying beside me. Just then the whistle came along, mixed up with some frightful oaths that I had heard the engineer use when he first saw the horses. Poor fellow! he was dead before his voice got to him. After that we tried lights, supposing these would travel faster than sound. We got some so powerful that the chickens woke up all along the road when we came by, supposing it to be morning. But the locomotive kept ahead of it still, and was in the darkness with the light close on behind it.—The inhabitants petitioned against it; they couldn't sleep with so much light in the night-time. Finally, we had to station electric telegraphs along the road, with signal men to telegraph when trains were in sight; and I have heard that some of the fast trains beat the lightning fifteen minutes every forty miles. But I can't say as this is true—the rest I know to be so."

A Revolutionary Cannon.

In Norfolk, Va., on the afternoon of the 2d of July, certain persons who were mindful of what was due to the proper celebration of Independence day, came to the conclusion to clean out an old cannon which had been lying around ever since the Revolutionary war, with a view to preparing it for the firing of a salute. After trying a considerable length of time to clear it out from the muzzle, and finding it impossible, they went to work at the vent or touch-hole.—This was soon opened, and by dint of perseverance the dirt within the chamber was hauled out by thimbles, till room enough was made to pour in an ounce or two of gun-powder. The piece was then primed, and the match applied, when, very much to their surprise, an unexpectedly smart explosion took place from the mouth of the piece, something whizzed across the street, and there was a crashing of the wood in the door of the United Fire Engine House opposite. An investigation showed a respectable sized hole in the panel of the door, and inside an old six-pound cannon ball was found on the floor. The old cannon had not been used since the time when it was loaded for the especial benefit of the British troops, seventy-seven years ago, and the artillerymen who then rammed home the ball little expected how many times the grass would grow and wither again above their graves before the missile should be discharged. It was very appropriate that a cannon, loaded by the patriots of 1776, should be fired in commemoration of their time-honored and glorious deeds.

An Irish servant girl was requested by a lady to go to one of our dry good stores and obtain a "bed comforter" for her. About an hour afterwards she returned with one of the clerks. It is needless to add, perhaps, that the lady fainted.

The Ugly Sucker.

There grew a little time since, in Mr. Graham's garden, a damask rose. The tree was small in itself, but it used to produce large quantities of very beautiful flowers. Mr. Graham was very fond of his tree; and many a time has he cut its rich blossoms and sent them to some sick person to adorn and perfume his room.

In process of time Mr. Graham began to think that his tree would not keep up its character, and that he would not have flowers. There were leaves and thorns in abundance, but nothing more. At length Mr. Graham applied to a neighboring gardener.

"Why, sir," said the gardener, "this long sucker is doing all the mischief; it has taken all the strength out of the plant, and the sooner it comes off the better." So saying, with one cut of his knife he laid it low.

The truth was, this ugly sucker had for a long time been doing it the greatest mischief; it had taken away all the nourishment from every portion of the plant, and there was not a bud or leaf that did not feel its exhausting drain. And, while it was thus proudly exalting itself, and making a magnificent show, and taking away nourishment from every thing within its reach, it was really good for nothing. Now that the ugly sucker is gone, the rosebush is as good as it was in its brightest days.

Sometimes a very ugly sucker springs up in the heart and does great damage there. We sometimes see many very beautiful flowers in a child's life, such as kindness to companions, and gentleness of disposition, and diligence to study, and efforts to please and denial of self, until up springs something that injures them all, and they begin to languish and die.

Selfishness is an ugly sucker; it will make everything else languish; it will take a prominent place; no doubt,—alas! only too prominent; it will suck everything else to feed itself; and, when it has grown and thriven, what has it to show? Nothing but what is disproportionate, without beauty or use. Avoid selfishness, dear reader; there are few uglier and more mischievous suckers than that.

Pride is another ugly sucker; how high it starts up! what a figure it makes! how much it strives to out-top all around! how little does it concern itself about detracting from its neighbor, provided only it can feed itself! It must need concentrate all attentions upon itself. But a haughty spirit goes before a fall; and, if anything is to be done to avert the threatened ruin, the knife must be produced; this pride must be cut down. It will not do to prune it a little at the top, to hope it will come to good, or anything of the kind; it must be served altogether and cast away.

Idleness is another very ugly sucker,—one which I am sorry to say, is by no means uncommon and runs very high. You generally find that there is little to admire in an idle boy; idleness seems to wither a multitude of good feelings which otherwise might have produced beautiful blossoms. It is hard to be idle without being vicious; and idleness if it has nothing else to feed upon, will live on a man's soul, and then everything is in the fair way not only to languish, but to die.

Try your own heart, dear reader, and see whether you have anything springing up there at all like this ugly sucker. If so, cut it down at once; so long as you allow it to remain, it will dwarf and starve everything that is good. Pray, too, for the Holy Spirit of God to assist you in this blessed work.

AN INFIDEL REBUKED.—An infidel, boasting in a published letter that he had raised two acres of "Sunday corn," which he intended to devote to the purchase of infidel books, adds: All the work done on it was done on Sunday and it will yield some seventy bushels to the acre; so I don't see but that Nature, or Providence, has smiled upon my Sunday work, however the priests or the Bible men say that work done on that day never prospers. My corn tells another story. To this the editor of an agricultural paper replies: "If the author of this shallow nonsense had read the Bible half as much as he had the works of his opponents, he would have known that the great Ruler of the universe does not always square up his accounts with mankind in the month of October."

Energy, industry and hard work will accomplish what laziness and idleness never can.

James B. Clay.

The Louisville Journal thus comments upon the present position of this gentleman, who has accepted a nomination for Congress at the hands of the enemies of his illustrious father. There is a natural instinct in the bosom of every right-minded man that tells him the stricture is just:

"Mr. James B. Clay, as the public are aware, is the regularly nominated Democratic candidate for Congress in the Lexington District, so long represented by his illustrious father. This is, indeed, a most deplorable spectacle for the eyes of the civilized world. The son's acceptance of the nomination of a party that for twenty-five years pursued and persecuted the great father with a fiend-like hate and diabolical malice, is a thing too shameful to be thought of without utterable disgust and loathing. Most certainly no other politician or statesman in this country was ever assailed with such bitter, remorseless, accursed and persevering slander and calumny as Henry Clay; and it was the Democratic party, and the Democratic party alone that thus assailed him. From 1825 up to the time when he could no longer be thought of as a candidate for the highest honors of the country, he was stigmatized by the whole Democracy of the nation, as the foulest, and corruptest and most infamous public man known in the annals of mankind. We all remember the occasion, when, after having been pursued for years by all the vile blood-hounds and hell-hounds of Democracy, he retired to his home at Ashland, and there worn and wearied by relentless Democratic persecution, stood up in the presence of his old friends and neighbors, and described himself as a bleeding old stag at bay. And now, (Oh, shame to human nature!) his own son comes before the world as the candidate and sustainer and encourager of the party that, for a quarter of a century, hunted the father for his political blood! The spectacle has, so far as we are informed, no parallel in history, and God in his mercy grant that it may never have. It is truly sickening.—We would gladly obey the impulses of the deep loathing that bids us turn away from it forever."

End of the United States Bank.

Last June all the old books, papers, drafts, checks, letters, etc., that had been preserved on file as vouchers, in the long course of the immense business of the U. S. Bank, were sold in a heap, in Philadelphia, and purchased by a paper maker, to be ground and manufactured into new stock. The whole mass weighed over forty tons. Ten tons of the vast amount is of correspondence, autograph letters of the first statesmen, politicians and financial men of this and other countries. Drafts upon the Rothschilds for hundreds of thousands of dollars, certificates of stock transferred to the leading bankers in Europe, checks and drafts from Clay, Webster, Adams, Calhoun, Houston, Crockett, Cass, &c., all lie scattered ready for the important transformation into clean, unsullied white paper. This huge mass of books and papers strike the visitor with astonishment. A faint idea may be formed of the colossal character of the institution which at one time occupied so important a part in the history of the country. What a vast storehouse these papers would be for individual histories—and, perchance they would illustrate some unexplained passages in the history of the political parties of the day.

AN INCONSISTENCY.—Every one likes modesty and hates brass, and yet everybody encourages the latter and leaves the former to take care of itself. Modest merit! what is it worth? The more a man has of it, the poorer he is in this age of rivalry and humbuggery. He would starve to death on such fodder as that capital can procure.

In the bull fighting days, a blacksmith, who was rearing a bull pup, induced his old father to go on all fours and imitate the bull. The canine pupil pinned the old man by the nose. The son, disregarding the paternal rearing, exclaimed, "Hold him, Growler boy; hold him! bear it, fether, bear it! it's all the making of the pup."

Young ladies are like arrows; they are in a quiver till the beau come, and can't go off without them.